

The Girl from Tim's Place

BY CHARLES CLARK MUNN
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SYNOPSIS.

Chip McGuire, a 16-year-old girl living at Tim's place in the Maine woods is a half-breed. She runs away and reaches the camp of Martin Fribble, occupied by Martin, his wife, nephew, Raymond Stinson, and guides. She tells her story and is cared for by Mrs. Fribble. Journey of Fribble's party into woods to visit father of Mrs. Fribble, an old hermit, who has resided in the wilderness for many years. When camp is broken Chip and Ray occupy same canoe. The party reach camp of Mrs. Fribble's father and are welcomed by him and Cy Walker, an old friend and former townsman of the hermit. They settle down for summer's stay. Chip and Ray are in love, but no one realizes this but Cy Walker. Strange marks found on lake shore in front of their cabin. Strange smoke is seen across the lake. Martin and Levi leave for settlement to get officers to arrest McGuire, who is known as outlaw and escaped murderer. Chip's one woods friend, Tomah, an Indian, visits camp. Ray believes he sees a bear on the ridge. Chip is stolen by Pete Bullock and escapes with her in a canoe. Chip is rescued by Martin and Levi as they are returning from the settlement. Bullock escapes. Old Cy proposes to Ray that he remain in the woods with himself and Amzi and trap during the winter.

CHAPTER X—Continued.

"That's also 'nother side to consider. Chip wants schoolin', 'n' she's got to study night 'n' day for the next eight months. If you go back with 'em, an' go gallivantin' round with 'em, ex' you're sure to, it won't be no help to her. I've given you two all the chances for weavin' the threads of 'fate'ahun I could this summer, an' now let's you 'n' I turn to and make some money. I've asked your uncle 'n' aunt. They're willin', 'n' now, what do ye say?"

Few country boys with a love for trapping, such as Ray had, ever had a more alluring prospect spread before them. He knew Old Cy was right in all his conclusions, and almost without hesitation he agreed to the plan.

It was far-sighted wisdom on Old Cy's part, however, in not giving Ray time to reflect, else the magnet of Chip's eyes on the one hand, and eight months of separation on the other, would have proved too strong, and trapping-as-a-reward, would have failed.

As it was, he came near weakening at the last moment when the canoes were packed and Angie and Chip came to take their seats in them.

He and his crude, rude, yet winsome little sweetheart had suffered a brief preliminary parting the evening previous. A good many sweet and silly nothings had been exchanged, also promises, and now the boy's heart was very sore.

Chip was more stoical. Her life at Tim's Place and contact with Old Tomah had taught her reserve, and yet when she turned for the last possible look at Old Cy and Ray, waving good-by at the landing, a mist of tears hid them.

Old Cy's face was also a study. To him these parting clouds were as the white ones hiding the sun; yet he felt their chill. His own life shadow was lengthening. He had now but a brief renewal of youth in the lives of these two, and then forgetfulness, as he knew full well, and yet he pitied them.

More than that, he had set his hand to guiding the bark of their young lives into the safe harbor of a home, and all feelings of his own subserved to that.

"Come, come, my boy," he said to Ray as the two turned away, and he noted the lad's sad face, "she's gone now, an' ye'd best forget her fer a spell. Ye won't, I know, 'n' she won't; but ye'd best make believe ye do. This ain't no spot for love-sick spells. We've got work to do, 'n' money to earn; ye've got the chance of yer life now, an' 'ue to help ye to it, so brace up 'n' look cheerful."

"Think o' what we got to do to git ready fer winter 'n' six foot o' snow. Think o' the traps we're goin' to set, an' the 'fen o' tendin' 'em. Why, girls ain't in a minit with ketchin' minis, marten, otter, an' now 'n' then a lynx or bobcat. Then when ye go back with a new suit 'n' money in yer pocket, ye'll feel prouder 'n' a peacock, 'n' 'Chip a-smilin' at ye sweeter 'n' new maple syrup."

Verily Old Cy had the wisdom of age and the cheerfulness of morning sunshine.

All that day these wilderness-manned friends worked hard. An ample stock of birch wood must be cut and split, a shed of poles to cover it must be erected alongside of the cabin, the hermit's log hut was to be dismantled of its fittings, which were to be removed to the new cabin which all were now to occupy.

Realizing how vital to their existence the canoes were, Old Cy had also planned a shelter of small logs for them on one side of the log cabin, that could be locked. Here the canoes not in use must be stored at once to guard against a night call from the malignant half-breed. His canoe had been taken along by Martin's party, to be left at Tim's Place, for even Hersey would have scorned to appropriate it.

There were dozens of other needs to prepare for during the next two months, all of which were important. An ample supply of deer meat must be secured, to be pickled and smoked. All the partridges they could shoot would be needed, and later, when south-bound ducks halted at the lake, a few of these would add to their larder.

In this connection, also, another need occurred to Old Cy. Trout could be caught all winter in the lake, but live bait must be had, and so a sloop car to be sunk in some swift-running stream, which would hold them, must be constructed, also a scoop of mosquito net to catch them. These minnows were to be found now by the million in every brook, and forethought was Old Cy's watchword.

All these duties and details he dis-

cussed that first day with Ray, while they worked, for a purpose.

But the first evening here, with its open fire, yet empty seats, was the hardest to pass. In vain Old Cy enlarged upon the joys of trap-setting once more, and how and where they were to secure gum. In vain he described how deadfalls were built and where they must be placed, how many signs of lynx and wildcat he had seen that summer, and how sure they were to secure some of these valuable furs.

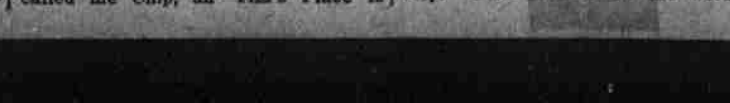
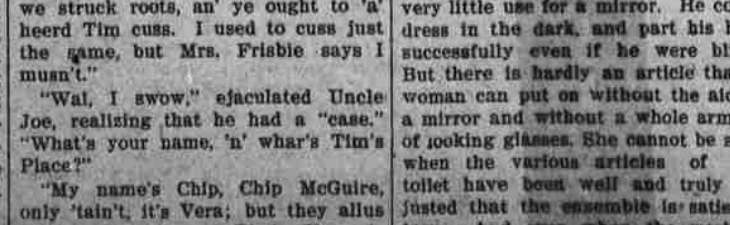
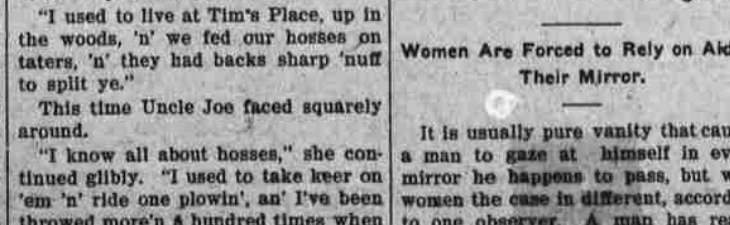
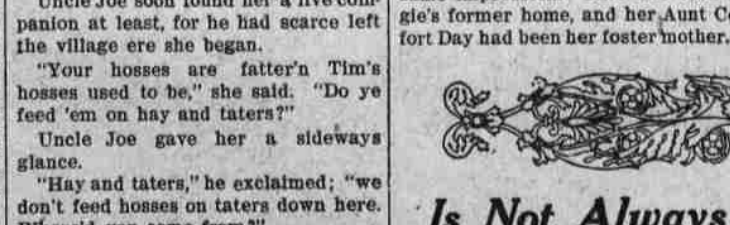
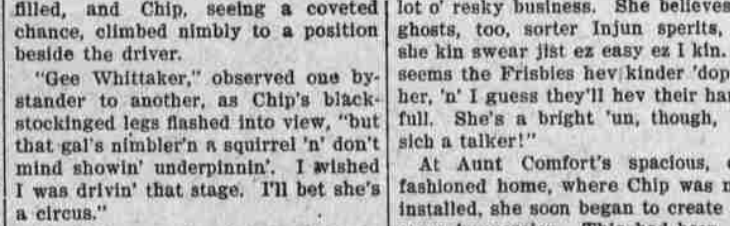
Ray's heart was not here. Far away in some night camp, Chip was thinking of him. He knew each day would bear her farther away. No word of her safe arrival could reach them now. Long months must elapse ere he and she could meet again, and in prospect they seemed an eternity.

"Come, git yer banjo, my boy," Old Cy ejaculated at last, seeing Ray's face grow gloomy. "Tune 'er up, an' play us suthin' lively. None o' them goody-goody weepin' sort o' tunes; but give us 'Money Musk' 'n' a few jigs. I'm feelin' our prospects are so cheerful, I'd like to cut a few pigeon-wings out o' compliment."

But Old Cy's hilarity was nearly all put on. He, too, felt the effect of the empty seats and missed every one that had gone, and Ray's jig tunes lacked their spirit. He essayed a few, and then quite unconsciously his fingers strayed to "My Old Kentucky Home," and Old Cy's feelings responded.

CHAPTER XI.

Chip's arrival in Greenville produced astonishment and gossip galore. It began when the stage that "Uncle Joe" Barnes had driven for 20 years started for that village. There were other passengers besides Martin, his wife, and Chip. The seats inside were soon



ever so far up in the woods. I runned away 'cause dad sold me, an' fetched up at Mrs. Fribble's camp, 'n' she's goin' to eddicate me. My mother got killed when I was a kid, 'n' my dad killed 'nother one, too; he's a bad 'un."

Uncle Joe gasped at this gory tale of double murder, not being quite sure that the girl was sane.

"Hain't they ketched yer dad yet?" he queried.

"No, nor they won't," Chip rattled on, as if such killing were a daily occurrence in the woods. "He's a slick 'un, they say, an' now he's got Pete's money, he'll lay low."

"Worse and worse, and more of it," Uncle Joe thought.

"You must 'n' had middlin' lively times up in the woods," he said. "Did yer dad kill anybody else 'sides yer mother 'n' this man?"

"He didn't kill mother," Chip returned promptly; "he used to lick her, though, but she got killed in a mill, 'n' I wish it 'ud bin him. I wouldn't 'n' bin an ord'n then. Say," she added, as they entered a woods-bordered stretch of road, "did ye ever see spites here?"

"Spites," he responded, now more than ever in doubt as to her sanity, "what's them?"

"Why, they's just spites—things ye can't see much of 'ceptin' it's dark. Then they come crawlin' round. They's souls o' animals mostly, Old Tomah says. I've seen thousands on 'em."

Uncle Joe shifted his gird, turned and eyed the girl once more. First, a wild and wolfishly mixed tale of murder, and then spookish things! Beyond question she had wheels, and he resolved to humor her.

"Oh, yes, we see them things here now 'n' then," he said, "but it takes considerable lickin' to do it. They hain't had a murder, though, for quite a spell. This is a sorter peaceful neck o' woods, ye're comin' to."

But Chip failed to grasp his quiet humor, and all through that 20-mile autumn day stage ride she chattered on like a magpie.

He soon concluded she was sane enough, however, but the most volatile talker who ever shared his seat.

"I never seen the beat o' her," he said that night at Phinney's store—the village news agency—"she clocked every minit from the time we started till we fetched in, an' I never called tich goin's on ex' she told about cud ever happen. That was murder 'n' runnin' away, 'n' she got ketched 'n' carried off 'n' fetched back, 'n' a whole

On the church steps a group of both young and old men had awaited her arrival and gazed at her in open-eyed astonishment. All through service she was watched, and not content with this, a dozen or so, men and women, formed a double line outside, awaiting the Fribbles' exit.

Angie also failed to understand the principal cause of this interest. Her last appearance at this church had been as a bride. Naturally that fact would produce some staring, and so the curious and almost rude scrutiny the family received was less noticed by her.

But Chip's eyes were observant.

"I don't like goin' to meetin'," she said, "an' bein' stared at like I was a wildcat. I seen 'em grinnin', too, some on 'em, when we went in, an' one feller winked to another. What ailed 'em?"

Her vexations, however, had only just begun, for Angie had seen and made arrangements with Miss Phinney, one of the village school teachers, and the next morning Chip was sent to school. And now real trouble commenced.

Not knowing more than how to read and spell short words, and unable to write, she, a fairly well developed young lady, presented a problem which was hard for a teacher to solve. To put her in the class where she belonged was absurd. She must sit with older girls, or look ridiculous. If she recited with the eight-year-old children, the result would be the same, and so a species of private tuition with recitations at noon or after school became the only possible course and the one her teacher adopted.

This also carried its vexations, for Chip was as tall as Miss Phinney and a little larger. Not one of that band of pupils was over 12. To join in their games was no sport for Chip, while they, having heard about her thrilling experiences, with a hint that she wasn't quite right in her head, felt afraid of her.

"I feel so sorry for her," Miss Phinney explained to Angie, a week later, "and yet, I don't know what to do. She is so big the children won't play with her, or she with them. I am the only one with whom she will talk, and she seems so humble and so grateful for every word. I can't be as stern with her or govern her as I should, on account of her temper and size."

"Only yesterday I heard screaming at recess, and going out, I found that Chip had one of the girls by the hair and was cuffing her. It transpired that this girl had called her an Indian and asked if she had ever scalped anybody. I can't punish such a pupil, and I can't help loving her, so you see she is a sore trial."

This family, in addition to the new arrival, consisted of Aunt Comfort, retentive and warm-hearted; Hannah Pettibone, a well-kept spinster of angular form and temper, thin to an almost painful degree, with a well-defined mustache; and a general helper on the farm, and a chore boy about Chip's age named Nezer, completed the list.

Once included in this somewhat diverse group, Chip became an immediate bone of contention.

Aunt Comfort, of course, opened her heart to her at once; but Hannah closed hers, almost from the first day, and in addition she began to nurse malice as well. There was some reason for this, mainly due to Chip's startling freshness of speech.

"I thought ye must be a man wearin' wimmin's clothes, the first time I see ye," she said to Hannah the next day after her arrival, and without meaning offense. "It was all on account o' yer little whiskers, I guess. I never see a woman with 'em afore. Why don't ye shave?"

This was enough; for if there was any one thing more mortifying than all else to Hannah, it was her facial blemish, and a mention of it she considered an intentional insult.

From this moment onward she hated Chip.

Nezer, however, took to her as a duck to water, and her story, which he soon heard, became a real dime novel to him, and not content with one telling, he insisted on repetition. This was also unfortunate for—blessed with a vivid imagination and sure to enlarge upon all facts—he soon spread the story with many blood-curdling additions.

These stories, with Uncle Joe's corroborations, resulted in a direful tale believed by all. Neighbors flocked in to see this heroine of many escapades, villagers halted in front of Aunt Comfort's to catch a sight of this marvel, and so the wonder spread.

Angie was, of course, to blame. More impressed with the seriousness of the task she had undertaken than the need of caution, she had failed to tell Chip she must not talk about her self, and so a woefully distorted history became current gossip.

When Sunday came the village church was packed and Parson Jones marveled much at the unexpected increase of religious interest. He had heard of this new arrival, but when the Fribble family with Chip, in suitable clothing, entered their pew, the cynosure of all eyes, this unusual attendance was accounted for.

And what a staring at Chip received! On the church steps a group of both young and old men had awaited her arrival and gazed at her in open-eyed astonishment. All through service she was watched, and not content with this, a dozen or so, men and women, formed a double line outside, awaiting the Fribbles' exit.

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(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Is Not Always Vanity After All.

Women Are Forced to Rely on Aid of Their Mirror.

It is usually pure vanity that causes a man to gaze at himself in every mirror he happens to pass, but with women the case is different, according to one observer. A man has really very little use for a mirror. He could dress in the dark, and part his hair successfully even if he were blind. But there is hardly an article that a woman can put on without the aid of a mirror and without a whole army of looking glasses. She cannot be sure when the various articles of her toilet have been well and truly adjusted that the ensemble is satisfactory. And even when the work is

complete she has no assurance that a pin may not surreptitiously slide from its place or a lock of hair escape from its moorings, thereby marring totally the effect which she has labored so painfully to produce. (What wonder, therefore, that she glances anxiously into every available mirror to assure herself that all is well? And why should man, who peers into those same mirrors merely to gratify his vanity, presume to jeer at her?)

Playground Knowledge.

Teacher—What are parallel lines? Micky Mulberry, what are you grinnin' at?

Micky Mulberry—Sense me, Miss Sharpe, but any loidy might make de same mistake; yer mean parallel bars, don't yer?—Puck.

NEURALGIA

The real meaning of the word Neuralgia is nerve-pain, and any one who has suffered with the malady will not be so anxious to know of its nature as to hear of its antidote. Though scarcely recognized by the profession and people half a century ago, it is now one of the most common and painful ailments which afflict humanity. As now generally understood the word signifies an affection of the nervous system, with pain in the course of the principal nerves.

The two great causes of Neuralgia are, Impoverishment of the Blood and Deficiency of Nerve Force; and the treatment of it is not so obscure as many would be led to suppose. The first thing is to relieve the pain, which is done more quickly and satisfactorily by ST. JACOBS OIL than by any other remedy known; the second object is to remove the cause, which is accomplished by the abundant use of nourishing food, of a nature to strengthen and give tone to both the muscular and nervous systems.

WORKS FOR CIVIC PRIDE.

Excellent Scheme Devised by Merchants of Western City.

A new scheme for arousing local pride is being worked in an enterprising western city. The plan in brief, instead of attempting to vitalize the civic spirit of the whole community, to organize clubs in different localities and to clean up and light up certain sections, without regard to what may be done elsewhere. For instance, a club is organized in a single block, and merchants on each side of the street are persuaded to join. If it is desired to make the block brilliant with light at night an investigation is had to see how it can be done, how much it will cost and what it is worth. The plan has worked so successfully that organizations are springing up all over the same city to devote their attention to cleaning or lighting a certain restricted territory. It is much easier to secure co-operation between 20 merchants than between 200, and the influence of the few spreads in a widening circle.—Baltimore News.

PRESCRIBED CUTICURA

After Other Treatment Failed—Raw Eczema on Baby's Face Had Lasted Three Months—At Last Doctor Found Cure.

"Our baby boy broke out with eczema on his face when one month old. One place on the side of his face the size of a nickel was raw like beefsteak for three months, and he would cry out when I bathed the parts that were sore and broken out. I gave him three months' treatment from a good doctor, but at the end of that time the child was no better. Then my doctor recommended Cuticura. After using a cake of Cuticura Soap, a third of a box of Cuticura Ointment, and half a bottle of Cuticura Resolvent he was well and his face was as smooth as any baby's. He is now two years and a half old and no eczema has reappeared. Mrs. M. L. Harris, Alton, Kan., May 14 and June 12, 1907."

A Mind Reader.

Pat had got hurt—not much more than a scratch, it is true, but his employer had visions of being compelled to keep him for life, and had adopted the wise course of sending him at once to the hospital. After the house surgeon had examined him carefully, he said to the nurse:

"As subcutaneous abrasion is not observable, I do not think there is any reason to apprehend tegumental cicatrization of the wound."

Then, turning to the patient, he asked, quizzically:

"What do you think, Pat?"

"Sure, sir," said Pat, "you're a wonderful thought-reader, doctor. You took the very words out of my mouth. That's just what I was going to say!"

PUBLIC LAND OPENING.

245,000 acres of irrigated government land in Big Horn Basin, Wyoming, will be thrown open for settlement May 12, under the Carey Act, affording an opportunity to secure an irrigated farm at low cost on easy payments. Only 30 days residence is required. A report containing official notice of the drawing, maps, plats, and full information has been published by the Irrigation Department, 405 Home Ins. Bldg., Chicago. Any one interested may obtain a free copy by applying to the Department.

Class Favoritism.

"The Indian appropriation bill puts an end to the relations of the five tribes, I notice," remarked Reeder, looking up from his paper.

"Humph!" growled Grump, whose wife's cousin is making a protracted visit at his home. "I wish we were Indians."—Kansas City Times.

Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c cigar is good quality all the time. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

The Self-Evident Truth.

It is frequently necessary to repeat a self-evident truth a great many times in order to get it believed.

There is need for Garfield Tea when the skin is yellow, the tongue coated, and when headaches are frequent.

Action to have its right value, must be action with a purpose.—Gill.

There is Only One

"Bromo Quinine"

That Is

Laxative Bromo Quinine

USED THE WORLD OVER TO CURE A COLIC IN ONE DAY.

Always remember the full name. Look for this signature on every box. 25c.

PUTNAM FADELESS EYES

Color more perfect brighter and faster acting than any other dye. One lot package colors all blues. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. You can dye color garments without tipping apart. Write for free booklet—how to dye, bleach and fix colors. HORTON DYE CO., Quincy, Illinois.

\$16 AN ACRE REALIZED ON CROP IN WESTERN CANADA.

ANOTHER FARMER REALIZES \$22.50 PER ACRE FROM HIS WHEAT CROP LAST YEAR.

Charles McCormick of Kenville, Manitoba, writes:

"During the season of 1907, I had 100 acres in crop on the S. W. quarter of section 18, township 35, range 27 west of the Principal Meridian, Western Canada, yielded as follows:

"80 acres at 22 bushels per acre, which I sold for 90 cents per bushel; and 20 acres oats yielding 60 bushels per acre I sold for 35 cents per bushel so that my total crop realized \$2,094.00. From this I deducted for expenses of threshing, hired help, etc., \$400.00, leaving me a net profit on this year's crop of over \$1,600."

Thomas Sawatzky of Herbert, Saskatchewan, says:

"The value of my crop per acre of wheat is \$22.50. I threshed 1,750 bushels of wheat from 70 acres, and was offered 90 cents a bushel for it. Oats, 15 acres, 500 bushels; and barley, 5 acres, 80 bushels. I do not know if I have been doing the best in this district, but I know if all the farmers were doing as well, Western Canada would have no kick coming as far as grain growing is concerned; and I further say that if you want to put this in one of your advertisements, this is true and I can put my name to it."

POOR GEORGE!



Johnny—I'm glad I didn't live in the time when George Washington was a boy.

Father—Why not, my son? Johnny—Why, his dad didn't wear a plug hat for him to throw snowballs at.

Don't Try Uncertain Recipes.

It is entirely unnecessary to experiment with this, that and the other recipe. Get from your grocer, for 10 cents, a package of "OUR-PIE." Preparation—Lemon, Chocolate or Custard—for making pies that are sure to be good. Put up by D-Zerta Food Co., Rochester, N. Y.

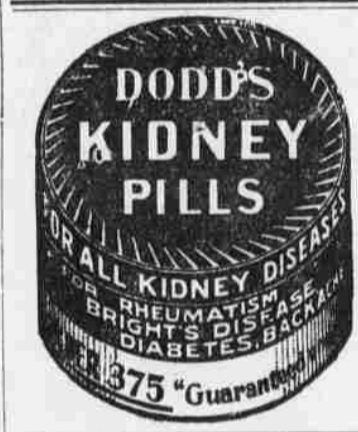
Tactless.

"One of those fellows that is always doing the wrong thing, eh?"

"Is he? Why, say, that fellow would put a frieze around a hothouse."

Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c cigar made of rich, mellow tobacco. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

Time is precious, but truth is more precious than time.—Beaconsfield.



FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES

FOR RHEUMATISM, BRUISES, DIABETES, BACKACHE

100% GUARANTEE

They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

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FOUR GIRLS

Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Read What They Say.

